

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH FOSTERING CARE."

NO. 33—VOL. XVII.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1805.

NO. 867.

## A COTTAGE TALE.

(Continued.)

"THE simple yet affecting tale of those who had seen better days, never failed to be listened to with attention, their wrongs redressed and their wants relieved; though he had not much to bestow, it was never withheld from a brother in distress, but a sigh would often escape him because he had not more to give. This is but a slight sketch, Sir, of the character of the man under whose hospitable roof I received a shelter from the storms of adversity, which then threatened to overwhelm me. I could perceive in his interesting countenance, (though age and care began to wrinkle his brow,) that cheerful good humor dwelt within his breast, the constant reward of an all-approving conscience.

"When my slender detail was finished, he expressed his concern for my forlorn situation, made me an offer of his friendship and protection as long as I continued to deserve it. With an overflowing heart I thanked him again and again for his kindness and compassion, while I hoped I should never be so ungrateful as to act in any way unworthy of his favor. Thus was I, from a destitute and helpless condition, received into a most agreeable family, treated with kindness by every member in it, and in a few weeks I had experienced more real friendship and affection than I had received from my father. My benefactor was a bookseller; I was fond of reading, so I had a partiality for his profession, and I soon became useful to him in the management of his shop. I was young and healthy, with sober dispositions, and a heart as yet uncorrupted by the ways of the world, and fortunate it was for me that I fell into the hands of so worthy a man, who trained me early to walk in the paths of virtue. About six years passed away in this good man's family, which consisted of himself, his excellent wife, and two amiable daughters. During this period nothing occurred worth relating to you. I had not heard of my father, but I was perfectly happy in the affections of this benevolent man, who had lately taken me into partnership with him, which was to render me more independent: this change was particularly pleasing to me, as I had always conceived in the idea of dependance, something galling and disagreeable. My taste for reading and study increased with the means of gratifying it, and I lost no opportunity that offered itself for my improvement, but eagerly sought after the best information upon every subject which I considered. Of poetry I was particularly fond, I had read all the best poems both in our own, and other languages: I even attempted to compose some verses myself, but as I was not very successful, I never told any body I had made the trial. About this time I had occasion to go near that part of the country where my father lived, and I hoped to hear something of him. Upon enquiry I learned that he had been buried just two days before my arrival, and had left his affairs much embarrassed: I was told that some time before his death he had taken too freely of some cordials in order to render less irksome the tediousness and languor of declining

life, which, alas! poor man, must have been a comfortless old age. These means which he took to alleviate his cares served only to hasten his end; though I had not been used to think of my father with that warmth of affection which a child feels towards a fond parent, yet now that he was gone, I felt more love for him than ever I had felt before; I regretted much that I had not come a few days sooner, to have comforted him on his death bed, and laid his head in the grave. The time had nearly elapsed when my worthy friend was to expect me home; as I knew he would be anxious if I exceeded the time appointed, I hastened to obey his injunctions. I pursued my journey with a heart overflowing with gratitude and love to that bountiful Being, who had given me (among many blessings) such a comfortable home to return to. Since I parted from my best friend, I had lost my father, but I could not be supposed to feel very deeply for the loss of one, whom I had voluntarily quitted, and who had never attempted to gain my affections. But I was returning to him who had shewn a more than father's affection for me; had shielded my unprotected youth, guided my steps in the paths of rectitude and virtue, and bade my soul soar beyond this fleeting scene. It was sorely for this man that I should have felt the affections of a son, and I hope I was not ungrateful. Occupied by these pleasing reflections, and anticipating the time, now fast approaching, when I should be again in the arms of my benefactor, while on his benevolent bosom every care and anxiety should vanish, the hours had passed insensibly away, and I awoke as from a long confused dream, surprised to find myself so near our habitation. My horse was acquainted with the road, having often gone it before, and he had trotted leisurely along with me. The shades of evening began to fall, and had thrown a gloom around our little mansion, which was surrounded by a few trees; my heart beat high with fond expectation as I drew nearer the spot which contained all that was dear to me.

"I put my horse into a stable at the head of the town, and then walked down to the house. I knocked at the door, impatient for an answer. I listened for some glad sound within, but all was silent. I then tried to open it, but it was fast; yet it was not so late that they could be in bed, then why did they not answer me. Could they have quitted that house, and not have informed me where I should find them, no! that was surely impossible. While these perplexing doubts crowded into my mind, looking round in despair, I thought I perceived smoke ascending from one of the chimneys, this convinced me that there must be somebody within. I knocked again, and after a long silence I heard a door shut, followed by the sound of light footsteps, which seemed to come along the passage, through a small opening in the door I could perceive a light, but before I had time to examine it minutely, a well known voice struck my ear; it was the daughter of my friend, that inquired of me, who I was, and what I wanted. A friend that has been absent from you would wish to return; can you still receive him, replied I. I can if it be he, she exclaimed (recollecting my

voice.) Instantly the door was thrown open, I rushed forward to embrace her, but how shocked was I to behold, instead of the fresh blooming girl I had so lately seen, a pale emaciated being, whose lovely cheeks were now furrowed with care and constant anxiety! I trembled to ask the reason of this sad alteration; with a faltering tongue I inquired for the rest of the family: she shook her head and beckoned me to follow her into the parlour. I did so with a palpitating heart. After a long pause, which was interrupted only by her heart-rending sobs, and tears which flowed incessantly, she became a little calm, and was at length able to tell me (though in broken sentences) that her father had been seized about ten days ago with a violent fever, which had scarcely ever abated, and the physician had given them no hopes of his recovery, but on the contrary had told them, that he did not think he could survive above another day. Imagine to yourself my situation when I received such tidings of my worthy friend; but I was not allowed much time for reflection, when I perceived that his daughter had nearly fainted by my side; endeavoring to support her made me forget for a moment the acuteness of my own sufferings. When she recovered herself again, lifting her languid eyes upon me, she said; you must think I have very little fortitude, but I cannot help it, when the memory of the past rushes over my mind contrasted with the present, I am unable to bear the reflections it suggests; In vain do I try to banish such painful recollections; wherever I go they pursue me, and steal unperceived upon my heart; but I must leave you for a little, and return to my father; my mother and sister are beside him; I will tell them you are here, and we will consult about the best means of informing him. I know he would wish to see you, for he speaks of you frequently: I would take you with me just now, but I am afraid that the sight of you might produce such agitation as would be hurtful to him. We must do all we can to keep him easy, replied I, but I hope you will find him better than when you left him. I hope so, said she; the tear started into her eye she wiped it hastily away, and rushed out of the room. I was now left to my own reflections. I gave full vent to my grief, and many a melancholy thought arose, every object around me recalled some painful remembrance of past joys. I thought of the pleasure I had anticipated, in a happy meeting with those whom I loved. But how had hope deluded me; she spread her fairy visions around me, and each object seemed delightful. I was enchanted with her bewitching smiles, while she pointed to long years of happiness, and moments of exquisite bliss, still to be mine. But I was deceived, no such fine prospects lay before me, I am left a prey to disappointment. He who but a few weeks ago I saw in health and happiness, I now find upon his death-bed; and she who is the sole object of my affections and fondest solicitude, wasting with care and continual anxiety. While I was wholly occupied by these reflections, my heart torn with anguish at the thought of her whom I loved being so unhappy, she had entered the room, and was seated by my side before I observed her. I fear I have disturbed

you, said she, I saw you was in deep meditation when I came in, and I did not like to speak to you till it should be over. You can never disturb me, I replied, your presence all ways gives me a pleasure beyond what any one else can bestow. While I spoke, my eyes were fixed on hers, and thought I perceived a faint sort of smile enlighten her sorrowful countenance resembling those enchanting smiles which won my heart in happier days.

We have prepared my father to receive you, said they come with me to his apartment. My mother and sister are also anxious to see you. I followed her with fluttering steps, when upon entering the chamber my knees had nearly sunk under me, but calling up all my resolution, I proceeded towards the bed, bending over it, I looked earnestly on the face of my worthy friend, but how had disease disfigured his manly countenance, his eyes were closed and he seemed in a gentle slumber; so I quietly withdrew, and placed myself beside his wife, who was weeping by the fireside. Though she was far advanced in life, and had experienced many difficulties, yet the ardor of her feelings was not much blunted; she was a most amiable woman and every way calculated to make my friend happy. Unfit as I was for such a task, I attempted to give her some consolation, but she refused to be comforted, saying, that he who was dearer to her than life was now going to be torn from her, but she would not stay long behind him.

(To be Continued.)

#### ANECDOTE.

##### ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A STUDENT at one of our Universities, some years since, by the name of Tucker, who was remarkable for his civility, and another by the name of Green, whose nose was not the least prominent feature of his face, one day warmly disputed the point of precedence in Arithmetical knowledge. As the contest grew warmer, and was not likely soon to be comprised by themselves, they agreed to refer the matter to the decision of a student in a class above them. In disclosing the dispute to this arbitrator, they agreed that he should propose a knotty question, and the one who should solve it with the most expedition, and, in his judgment, with most propriety, should bear the palm. After considerable hesitation and unwillingness to comply on the part of the Referee elect, and increasing importunity of the disputants, he proposed the following very ingenious and keenly satirical question, which at once ended the contest.

"If Tucker's teeth three score of Beef  
Consume in half an hour;  
"I pray thee show me what chance Green's nose  
Would stand off in their power?"

##### ENCOURAGEMENT OF VIRTUE.

WE are informed, that, on the first day of May last, according to annual custom, under the will of Mr. Rane, formerly brewer in London, 218 maidens, who had obtained the age of 22, educated at his asylum, and bringing testimonials of good moral character, met to draw lots for the prize of 100*l.* sterling, as a marriage portion; when the lot fell on a young woman, who had discovered that the object of her choice was unworthy of her affection. The marriage did not take place, but it did not preclude her farther choice, agreeably to the will of her deceased donor. The intended husband must be a mechanic of the parish of St. George, and neither a soldier, sailor, nor waterman. To what better use can the overgrown rich devote the surplus of their wealth, than the above?

#### THE WIDOW.

A PORTENTOUS SIGHT, IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE.

WRETCHED Matilda! her heart swell'd with anguish,  
O'er her children her head hung dejectedly;  
When the soft voice of pity, unthought seconded her,  
"Why dost thou wander in sorrow and wretched distress?  
Hast thou no husband?"

"Hast thou no husband?"—her hollow voice echoing,  
(That was the string upon which all her sorrows hung);  
"Dismal my story is; listen and pity me,  
I have no husband."

Long since he fell midst the battles fierce raging,  
Then was my comfort and hope gone for ever;  
Now sorely burden'd with grief and my little ones,  
Albeit I wander.

Against my distresses I find ev'ry door shut,  
None will lend ear to a wretched complainant;  
Foe, though to slay my loved infant, opportunity,  
Throw out a halfpenny.

Soon I must perish with grief, cold, and hunger,  
Soon must my children mourn over their dead mother,  
Parentless, forlorn, on! thought agonising!  
To leave my poor children!

Though my stern parents, enrag'd at my marrying,  
Vow'd in their anger forever to cast me off;  
Yet, could they know the pangs which now torment me,  
Sure they'd judge me!"

Fast down the stranger's cheeks trickled the salt tears;  
Down hung the mourner's head, she had no voice to bid him;  
"Cease your complaining!" exclaimed he, surprising her  
I am your brother!

"Thy cruel parents, alas! are laid low in dust;  
There, undisturb'd, leave their longings for ever;  
Hence, the friend of thy father's little ones,  
Come then along with me."

Wildly she gaz'd at him, joy and grief mingling,  
In her sunk eyeballs the tears' faint gleam'd;  
Fostering to-and-fro him, she to support herself,  
Sunk on his shoulder.

"Mother! don't die yet!" scream'd out the young Theodore;  
"What shall Aunty and me do without you?—  
Ah! dearest sister! my mother can't speak to us!—  
Mother!—oh, mother!"

Rous'd from her trance by the heart-piercing accents,  
Trembling she snatch'd the lov'd pair to her bosom.  
Greatly the soft scene her brother affected,  
Homeward he led them.

Despair's scowling clouds which had long overshadow'd her  
Fled; there remain'd but the mist of calm sorrow,  
Hope, like the moon a long tempest succeeding,  
Shone through the scatter'd gloom.

#### SONG.

Tune.—*Hung My Love, &c.*

HEAVY, heavy, rolling billow,  
Where hast thou my Henry borne?  
Was thy wailing head his pillow,  
Floating, the wild tempest's scorn?

Tell me, tell me where he's sleeping,  
In what shaded creek he lies;  
Ah! I cannot look for weeping,  
Heard, O Henry, hear my cries.

Here the rock, and here the cave is;  
Here we parted never to meet;  
Near this ocean spring my grave is,  
Here I'll rest, O! death is sweet.

Faceless life, and all thy anguish,  
Hurry lies beneath the deep;  
Wherefore should I longer languish,  
Here will I rest, Henry sleep.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### THE SPECULATIONS OF TOM PICKLE.

NO. II.

LUCAN, somewhere in his writings, represents Cato as saying, that he did not think himself born for himself only, but for all mankind. This declaration seems now to be so fully understood, and the relative duties of men in a civilized society so deeply impressed on the minds of all, that it is almost unnecessary to attempt to substantiate it. That man is not born for his own pleasure and advantage only, but is obliged to contribute to the good of the society in which he lives, may easily be collected from a consideration of his nature and of the sources from whence all his enjoyments necessarily flow.

He is by nature mild and tractable, formed for the reception of good and virtuous principles; inclined to benevolence, and turns spontaneously from the exercise of cruelty; he cannot behold the bloody customs of barbarians and savages without sensations of horror, and feels the generous glow of pity and compassion for the pains and sufferings of his fellows: Such then being his nature and character, he must, as far as is consistent with his own happiness, feel inclined to promote the happiness of others.

Man is sometimes said to be a selfish being, willing his own pleasure, and totally regardless of the welfare of the rest of the species. Where he may have acquired a character so incompatible with his affections, or from what cause such an opinion may have arisen, is equally immaterial to be known. It is a character which he has not deserved, and which no one, who will for a moment consider the excellence of his creation, will allow to be just. Are we to attribute to the whole species the faults of a few? Because some men have been cruel and ferocious, shall we say that none have been otherwise? Because some have been mean and cowardly, that none have been generous and brave? If some have deserved this character, let us not confound them with those who have not deserved it. Some men have been almost brutes, others have been endowed with such vast and comprehensive minds, as to be esteemed more than human, yet men are neither brutes nor deities. It is not from the consideration of a few, that we are to pronounce the character of the whole.

When we compare mankind with the rest of the creation, and see the surprising difference between them, how much more enlarged their views and comprehensions; how much more exquisite their sensations; can we say that those superior endowments were not intended for exertion? shall we for a moment admit that, that nobleness and dignity of character, for which man is preeminent, can be so debased as to suppose that his views are not extended beyond a wish for his own enjoyment? Is this his boasted superiority? Then let him boast no longer—Let us hear no more of the dignity of human nature—Let his talents be again buried in obscurity, and himself be reduced to his former savage state of existence.

Experience has taught us that we are mutually dependent on each other for all our enjoyments. The cultivation of friendship and mutual offices of kindness are the only bonds which hold society together. What is man when alone, friendless and destitute of society? what would he be if all those bonds which now connect it together, and by which alone we are possessed of right, liberty and property were surrendered? we know our dependency, we feel it daily, and experience is the ground on which we may safely pronounce that it is so.

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 17, 1865.

Report of Deaths in this City, and at Potter's Field from the 3d to the 10th of August, are 38 persons (of whom 6 were men, 11 women, 28 boys, and 13 girls) viz. Of apoplexy 1, cholera morbus 2, consumption 7, convulsions 3, croup 1, decay 2, dropsy 1, dysentery 2, nervous fever 1, flux 23, hives 3, infantile (an infant found in Counties slip) 1, inflammation of the bladder 1, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, peripneumony 1, sprue 1, teething 4, ulcers 1, and 1 of whooping cough. 22 were of or under the age of one year, 14 between 1 & 2, 5 between 2 & 5, 1 between 5 & 10, 2 between 10 & 20, 8 between 20 & 30, 4 between 30 & 40, 4 between 40 & 50, and 3 between 50 and 60.  
Deaths in Philadelphia, during the last week—adults 27—children 61—Total 88.

On Friday last, while one of the constables belonging to the Police office was conducting to Bridewell, a man by the name of *Williamson*, for an insult upon his wife, he drew from under his coat a knife, and stabbed him in the back in so shocking a manner that his life is despaired of. This *Williamson* is the same person who assaulted the Mayor in his own house last winter, for which he was sentenced to Bridewell for a term of time, which we understand expired but the other day.

The information said to be received at New-York, of the condemnation of one of the American gun boats, proves to be a fabrication. The vessel was originally attacked under an impression that she was British, as it is a common practice with that nation to hoist the flags of neutrals: but on the moment of her entering the port of Algiers, on application to the Spanish commandant, the vessel was liberated, and we believe sailed along with the rest of the squadron for the destination. We may soon expect intelligence of their operations, as they were expected to open the campaign early in May.

[Philadelphia Aurora.

A singular circumstance occurred in the drawing of William and Mary College Lottery, at Norfolk, on the 19th ult. The ten thousand dollar prize had not been drawn, and it was the last day of drawing: Tickets were selling for 500 dollars each. The drawing finished; but behold! there was no ten thousand dollar prize in the wheel. The managers, however, were certain that the prize had been put into the wheel; and, on examination, it was found that there was one more five hundred dollar prize recorded than there ought to have been; and it is supposed that the 10,000 dollar prize must have been called over as 500. There was likewise one number short; and the lottery will probably be drawn over again.

A girl of six years old, the only daughter of Mr. Thomas Poiner, of Throgs Neck, (Westchester), was, on Thursday last, unfortunately burnt to death. She had gone to a neighboring house to procure some fire, and on her return, apprehensive that her coal was expiring, collected some chips and sat down to revive it; the flames caught her cloaths, and before she could, which her screams drew, arrived, she was so shockingly burnt as to occasion her death in a few hours after.

On Wednesday the 7th inst. the house of Capt. Wm. Whitney, of Water-Vliet, Albany, was entirely consumed by fire, with all its contents.

On Tuesday night the 7th inst. 5 persons confined in the State Prison near Trenton, made their escape by cutting a hole through the floor of their room and forcing the door of the adjoining apartment. The whole, however, we learn, have been re-taken and re-conducted to prison.

Unfortunate Accident.—On Sunday, the 25d ult., a child of Mr. Thaddens Adams, of Norwich, being left at home with a younger child, while the family attended divine service, went out to gather some flowers, came to the window where the other was standing, (it being open) and it appears were diverting themselves, when unfortunately it shut across her neck, and put an instant period to her existence.

Benefit of boys' smoking segars.—On Monday, the 8th inst. at Portland, 3 merchants' stores, and 3 shops, with the most of their contents, were destroyed by fire, in consequence of boys' smoking segars in a sail-loft. It is not long since Hudson narrowly escaped a conflagration from a house in a central part of the city being set on fire, without doubt by a segar.

A very distressing circumstance occurred on Tuesday last, in the neighborhood of Bristol:—A gass-cutter, who a short time before had arrived in that city with his wife and four children from Scotland, went with his family to see the review of the Volunteers, and in the evening returning by a pond called Screw's-hole, near Pitt Marsh, on the Kingswood road, a hoop with which one of the children was playing, fell into the water, and he, stooping to reach it, fell in also: the mother, who was far advanced in pregnancy, hastened to his rescue, but slipped, and sunk: the father instantly plunged in to their relief, but unfortunately they all perished.

Lord pop.

Nassau, (N. P.) July 30.—The fast sailing sh. Dart, ten ter to his Majesty's sloop of war Stork, unfortunately got ashore a few nights ago on one of the Florida Reefs, and has gone to pieces. Her guns, rigging, &c. have been saved by some wreckers. We understand by an arrival on Sunday from Florida, that the day before the Stork and tender fell in with an American ship of 20 guns, 600 tons burthen, loaded with coffee, &c. from St. Domingo for Philadelphia; the Dart being ahead, the ship fired into her, and an action commenced, which continued some time, but the Stork coming up, gave the ship a broad side, when she struck. After getting the captain of the American ship on board, and reprimanding him for his improper conduct in firing into the Dart, he was permitted to proceed.

[The above is given as we have been able to collect it—but we hope to be able to give a more particular account of the business on the arrival of the Stork.]

While the Dart was on the reef, an American sch. called the Racer, bound to Baltimore, took from her eight men, some warlike stores and officers' baggage, with intention of coming to this port, but owing to the current they could render them no further relief, and proceeded on their passage to Baltimore.

Nether Elbe, June 11.—The celebrated Ismael Bassa, of Jean d'Acree, who had converted to his own use the Treasures of Djeezar Bassa, arrived at Constantinople on the 26th of April, and, after a summary trial, was beheaded. On the 28th in the morning, his head was exhibited on a silver dish on one of the outer gates of the seraglio.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

A husband or a wife, bestows  
The remnant of the heart's repose;  
Takes, or for better or for worse,  
A transient joy—or lasting curse,  
Resigns each hope to care or strife,  
And swears,—to be a slave for life

## MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. John Hopson, to Miss Susanah Louer, both of this city.

On Thursday the 6th inst. at Hastington, (Long-Island,) capt. Platt Ackerly, to Mrs. Oily Balys, daughter of capt. Wilkey Balys, both of Hastington.

At Springfield, on Sunday evening the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Moses Cherry, aged 17, to Miss Nancy Badgley, aged 17, both of Morris town.

## MORTALITY.

As those we love, decay, we die in part,  
String after string is severed from the heart,  
Till looser'd life at last—but breathing clay,  
Without one pang, is glad to fall away.  
Unhappy he, who late he feels the blow,  
Whose eyes wept over every friend laid low,  
Drag'd ling'ring on—from partial death to death,  
Till dying—all he can resign, is breath.

## DIED.

Lately on his passage from St. Thomas to Martinique, Mr. Joseph Nichols, merchant, late of this city. He had gone to St. Thomas for the purpose of establishing a commercial house there, in connection with Mr. Zephaniah C. Platt whose death we mentioned in our last. Two very worthy members of society have thus been suddenly cut off in the prime of life and in the midst of their usefulness.

On the 6th June last, near London, Arthur Murphy, Esq. an eminent Barrister, and a celebrated Dramatic Writer.

On the 25th July, on board the Flora, from Amsterdam for this port, capt. William Pearson, of Philadelphia.

At Albany, Mrs. Mary Mervine, Mrs. Catharine Spencer, and Mr. John Graham.

At Ballston springs, David Fonda, merchant, of Albany.

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No. 9 Broad-street.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

A few servants on the books well recommended.  
May 25, 1865. 855 st.

## FILES OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM,

NEATLY BOUND,  
For some years back, for sale at this Office.

## ALSO,

An elegant edition of the DEATH OF ABEL, in five books, from the German of Gessner, with a beautiful likeness of the Author.

## NEW AMERICAN COOKERY,

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FEMALE COMPANION.

Containing full and ample directions for Roasting, Broiling, Stewing, Hashing, Boiling, Preserving, Pickling, Potting, Fricassee, Soups, Puff-pastes, Puddings, Custards, Pies, Tarts, &c. &c. &c.

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# COURT OF APOLLO.

## THE VILLAIN.—MAN.

By a Mother to her Infant Daughter.

THY rest is mild my darling child,  
Thy viols bright, thy pillow smooth,  
And sweet the smile, that plays the while,  
And dimples round thy coral mouth.

But not so mild, my darling child,  
Will be thy rest—it never can!  
If e'er you prove, like me, the love  
And friendship of the Villain,—Man!

Yet be thy rest, thy viols blest,  
Blest, though with grief I sigh sincere,  
Though oft these sighs, for thee arise,  
Oft mingle with thy milk a tear.

Ah! could my breast a bed of rest  
For ever be, that I might gain  
In thine, those fits that heav'n inspires,  
And shield thee from the Villain,—Man!

It makes me sigh, to think that I  
Could once have slept so sound as thee,  
And sadly need to think that sleep  
Shall never more my portion be.

To win my love thy father strive,  
And well'd with seeming was his plan;  
But, ah! betray'd a witless maid,  
The Villain! Oh, the Villain,—Man.

And thus with art, child of my heart!  
Will he diffuse the lying smile,  
And call each prayer, the gods to hear,  
And thy unpractis'd heart beguile.

Wait not to prove, child of my love!  
Wait not his proffer'd vows to scan;  
Be thine to fly, or you will sigh,  
And curse, like me, the Villain,—Man.

To deserts wild, my darling child!  
Be thine with innocence to fly;  
And like the birds that roam the woods,  
Be mine only to the sunny sky.

Soft ling'ring there, with tender care,  
Thy mother's spirit oft shall find  
Those holy fires, that heav'n inspires,  
And guard thee from the Villain,—Man.

# HINT TO THE LADIES.

THE Spanish ladies veil their faces,  
No modest all their notions are;  
But here we see the native grace,  
Thus drapery, and become bare.

SNIP.

# ANECDOTE.

ONE of the sons of Esculapius seems to have been  
favoured with a presentiment of the success of his  
practice. With all imaginable gravity of countenance,  
he informs the public, in his advertisement, that he has  
removed from his old station, to a place nearer the  
city-yard, for the greater accommodations of his pa-  
tients.

# THE LATE DR. GLYN.

A friend of the Doctor's was lamenting to him the  
distant behavior of an old acquaintance and college  
chum, who had been lately promoted. "My good  
son," said Glyn, "don't you know, that from the mo-  
ment a man mounts a ladder, he always turns his back  
to you."

# LORD BACON'S OPINION OF HOPE.

HE used to say that Hope was a pleasant breakfast,  
a tolerable dinner, but a very bad supper.

# N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumery from London, at the New-York Hair  
Powder and Perfumery Manufactory, (the Golden Rose,  
No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.)

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, su-  
perior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and  
preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable  
perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening  
and preserving the teeth and gums, &c.  
Gentlemen's Mustache Brushes for travelling, that  
admit all the shaving apparatus complete in a small con-  
venient case.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.  
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness or sunburn, has not its equal for preserving the  
skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen  
after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 3 & 12s. per  
bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade or Grasse, for thickening the hair,  
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey, 4s.  
and 8s. per pot.

His Supreme white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.  
Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be used only  
as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums, warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-  
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl  
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences,  
with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Bleaching Cakes. Almost Pow-  
der for the skin, 6s. per lb.

Smith's Curative Oily, for glossing and keeping the  
Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical  
principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Bras, do. Elastic worsted and cotton  
Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books,  
"The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs  
Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. La-  
dies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but  
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration,  
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery."

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.  
January 3, 1855. 833 ly.

# TUITION.

THE subscriber takes the liberty to inform the pub-  
lic, that he has taken that large, airy room over Mr.  
Town's church, in Warren-street, lately occupied by  
Mr. Jacob Ketchell, where he has commenced Teaching.  
He will teach the English and Latin languages  
gradually, together with Book keeping, Surveying,  
Navigation, Geography, and the use of the Globes, Ar-  
chitecture, Mensuration, &c. &c. His long practice,  
and the great success he has met with in the line of his  
profession, of which he has ample testimonials, induces  
him to flatter himself, he will meet with very liberal  
patronage.

This may certify, that I have been acquainted with  
Mr. U. W. Freeman for a number of years, and know  
him to be every way qualified for a teacher; and I do  
freely and earnestly recommend him to the patronage  
of all my friends in this city. JACOB KETCHELL.  
July 27, 1855. 864 ly.

# WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER,  
No. 36 Beaver-street, four doors from  
William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all  
kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness;  
all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and  
Camel-hair Shirts cleaned and calendered. He has al-  
so erected a hot Calender. All commands will be thank-  
fully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on  
the lowest terms. Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.  
N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned  
and calendered, and Blankets scoured. Best stand-  
ing blue upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.  
June 1, 1855. 854 ly.

# MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has  
removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street,  
where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of  
SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth  
upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental,  
but answer the desirable purposes of nature,  
and so neat in appearance that they cannot be dis-  
cerned from the most natural. His method also of  
cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allows  
it to add every possible elegance to the finest set,  
without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the  
enamel. In the most racing tooth aches, his Tincture  
has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is be-  
hind, and the power of remedy, his attention in extracting  
rotten Teeth, upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL  
principles, is attended with infinite ease and  
safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman  
at their respective houses, or may be consulted  
at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his AN-  
TISCORBUIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent  
and valuable preparation of his own, from Chemical  
knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the  
last ten years, and many medical characters both use  
and recommend it, as the daily application, the  
teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced  
and assume a firm and natural beautiful red ap-  
pearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their  
sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and  
that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with  
decay and tooth aches prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at  
G. S. H. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.  
July 13, 1855. 820 ly.

# EDUCATION.

THE SCHOOL No. 17 Banker-street, lately oc-  
cupied by Mr. Lezell, in consequence of earnest so-  
licitations, will be opened on the 12 inst, under the Tu-  
tion of the subscribers.

"Education is good or bad as the end proposed may be."  
It shall ever be ours to promote human felicity by the  
most assiduous exertions to forward those entrusted to  
our care in the acquisition of useful knowledge, wis-  
dom and virtue. S. MOORE.

N. B. We pledge ourselves that this measure shall  
not operate to the prejudice of our present School, but  
we are led to believe that it will be productive of some  
reciprocal advantages peculiar to such institutions.  
We shall meet often for the purpose of inspiring, stimu-  
lation and for particular studies, such as Geography,  
the use of the Globes, &c. August 17, 1855. 867 ly.

# PLEASE TO TAKE NOTICE.

THAT THE LUMBER INSPECTOR'S Office is  
removed from No. 30 Beekman-street, to the Superin-  
tendant's place of residence, No. 5 Rutgers-street, near  
Rutgers ship, where attention shall be paid to all ap-  
plications relative to the Office, as prescribed by law.  
JONATHAN COWDREY, Superintendent.  
Aug. 3, 1855. 865 ly.

# NOVELS, HISTORY, &c.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE, No. 3 PARK ST.  
Dorset, or the Speculator, St. Leon, by Goethe,  
Amelia, or the Influence of Virtue,  
Father and Daughter, by Mrs. O'Brien,  
Montezuma, or the Beggar Girl, Emma Courtney,  
Romance of the Forest,  
Gonzalo, the Spanish Knight,  
Beggars Boy, 3 vols. Beggars Girl, 3 vols.  
Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World,  
What has been, Man of Feeling,  
Bianca, or Goldsmith's Spectator, 8 vols.  
Rigid Father, or, Paternal Authority too Strictly  
Enforced,  
Tale of the Times, 2 vols. Clermont, 2 vols.  
Abbas a Romance, 5 vols. Edward, 2 vols.  
Emilia de Vernon, Vicar of Landowen,  
Algerine Captives, 2 vols. Haunted Castle,  
André and Elvira,  
Louis, or the Cottage on the Moor,  
Memoirs of Mrs. Robinson, &c. &c.

# NEW-YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR,  
No. 3 PECK-SLIP.  
One Dollar and Fifty Cents, per annum.